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And Chronicle

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Original Tales.

TRANSLATED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

THE BASHAW OF BUDA.

Founded on Fact.

CONCLUDED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HENRY FISCHBACH.

BY DR. H. SCHOLL.

CHAPTER XIII.

Three happy months did the three friends live together. Oliver's love for Helen was changed to the tenderest friendship, she showed no weakness, and Cagny no jealousy.

Cagny's regiment was ordered to Hungary, and Helen was to be left at Varena till the end of the campaign, and then to join her husband. Oliver, also, a few days after, was compelled to return to his duties, but he made every arrangement in his power, for the safety and comfort of his friend's wife.

It is well known in history that the Grand Visier Achmet Kiuprili advanced towards the river Red, but the Imperial General placed his camp opposite St. Gothard, and that here, on the first of August 1664, a decisive battle was fought, in which the Christians gained a complete victory over the Turks.

In this battle Oliver fought with his usual bravery and skill, the Turks made a murderous charge, the bravest and best of Oliver's comrades fell on all sides but he steadily maintained his ground, and pressed gently towards the favorable issue of the contest. He was now the senior Captain of his division, but in consequence of his rank, he was not allowed, and could not promoted him on the field of battle to the rank of Major.

Oliver's joy at the great victory, and his pleasure at being so honorably promoted was completely overcast by the sad news of the death of his beloved friend Cagny. He also had fought in this disastrous battle, and with tears and anguish, Oliver read the account of its untimely death. It appeared that in the order he had ventured too far in advance of the line, and was soon found himself surrounded and overwhelmed by the Turks. When he saw that he was cut off from all hope of escape, he exhorted his men to cut their way through, sword in hand. He advanced first and began the slaughter, but only a few of his comrades, covered with wounds, succeeded in forcing their way back to the main army, the rest fell by the side of their brave captain. His body was recognized some few days afterwards, but very much disfigured, for he was nearly slashed to pieces.

Thus ended the life of the noble Cagny. Oliver became melancholy and washed to die, for life was hateful without his friend. In several succeeding battle he rushed recklessly into the thickest of the danger, but he remained still alive and unhurt, and the campaign ended to soon for him.

The regiments were sent into garrison, and Oliver went to Neuhausel. He could not, for a long time, bear to mention Helen, but he did at last, and in answer, she told him that the general Colonny had himself written to her, for he was sincerely attached to Cagny. Helen stated that she had been ill for a time, but was now slowly recovering and greatly desired to see him. She was alone, unfriended and melancholy, and had no one to comfort or console her.

As soon as Oliver could obtain a furlough he went to Varena, and there they renewed their grief for the loss of Cagny. At her husband's death Helen received his property in Brussels, and as her portion of her father's estate was there also, it was decided that she should go to Brussels, and there live with her friend's son Oliver in Austria.

This change of scene and occupation was very beneficial to poor Helen, and a year then passed in security before her affairs in the Netherlands were settled. Oliver's regiment constantly changed its quarters, and all his time for her returned, though he told her in every letter that his affection was merely that of a brother, for aware that to her he could give a little gratified at the query.

"Are you there, Oliver?" said Cagny, "now that we are grey-headed men, still to be opposed in war so when we had gents for our soldiers—where is our little Master Helen?"

Oliver was deeply moved and sighed loudly.

"Hey she rest in peace," said Cagny in broken accents. "She sacrificed until now for us in yonder world; let us grieve no longer, Oliver, she is still happy and blessed, for I have loved her as a friend that she become your wife—but enough of this."

"And you are still alive, and a Musselman, Cagny?" said Oliver feeling his eyes again fixed. "You are then the terrible Bashaw; how can this be?"

"Let me take bread-last," said Cagny, locking his right arm around his friend. "I am proud yet to be friend."

"I certainly expected to be counted among the dead," said he, "as I lay on the ground covered with wounds, my horse being shot under me. But my brave master discovering life in me carried me off as captive. I was not pleased with it at first, this was by the orders of Achmet Kiuprili, who had taken a fancy to me, and charging him with all his affairs, and he resolved, if I could be taken alive, to keep me in slavery. I was taken to Constantinople and placed in the service of the Bashaw, but by Providence whose name was Ali Mahomed. He was an honest, honorable man, and in a short time became very much attached to me, making me as comfortable as my weak state of health would allow.

"He discovered that I had some knowledge of artillery and other military matters, and when the Grand Visier was at Constantinople made him acquainted with it. This brought me to his presence, and I had a conversation of considerable length on military affairs, particularly on the art of fortifications which I had unintentionally studied. I hoped by being useful to the Grand Visier, my freedom at the termination of the war.

"The Grand Visier, perceiving what my hopes were, endeavored to set at ease. 'I shall not part with you, said he, or do not think of it. You are consequence, as if the Bashaw had not been found. Therefore content yourself among us. Enter the service of the Sublime Porte, accept the turban, and you shall at once be made Aga.' You may be sure my heart sank at less than two years you will see to the highest dignities. Look what you are now! Simply a captive, when your courage and rich knowledge might have afforded long ago—only captain after twenty years service! Take the turban and you become Aga of the Agas!'

"Of course, Oliver, I refused to listen to this proposition, but the Grand Visier was not accustomed to the plausible arguments, the obstacles, persuasions, threats and promises of the Grand Visier! Achmet Kiuprili Ali Mahomed's head would be dismissed from the presence of the Visier in anger, 'You fool,' cried he one day, 'why are you so blind to your own interest. Mahomed has had the honor being elected send me troops would you then refuse to fight with them by the side of my faithful soldiers? Mahomed would make a Colonel of you, and I then should have no objection.

"'I am not my country,' said he, 'and no longer subject to the commands of others, you are mine, and I call upon you to enter my service and fight my battles. In this dominions I have it in my power to reward you amply, and to load you with honors. Captivity has dissolved you from your former allegiance, and the laws of war has made you subservient to me. There is nothing but your silly prejudices to prevent you from becoming one of the first officers in the service of the Sublime Porte.'

"I will not repeat to you, Oliver, all that passed at these interviews, nor of the efforts of many of their wise men to bring me over to their faith, but I still resisted, and my obstinacy brought upon me anger and distrust.

"Two circumstances that occurred, at length made me indifferent about this change in my religion. Ali Mahomed came to me one day with sorrow on his countenance. 'Your obstinacy,' said he, 'has wounded the Grand Visier, and he has lost his interest in you. He has ordered me to send you, with a number of other captives, for six months to the interior of Asia there to be employed in some menial service, and you will then be cut off from all comfort and happiness forever.'

"Even this, Oliver, would not have had much effect, but I heard that believing me dead, for who did not, you and Helen were married! I had foreseen this, during my captivity, and was in no way surprised, but it decided my fate. If I could choose my liberty, thought I, to what purpose would it be. It was frightful to think of the misery my appearance among you would cause, as I resolved to give up all hope, nay, desire to regain my freedom. And as it was no way agreeable to my feelings to be carried into the most degrading slavery, I even applied to the Grand Visier that I should accept his offer."

CHAPTER XVII.

"From that moment," continued Cagny, "the course of my life was changed. I became Mussulman, and to take the name of Bashaw was easier had I known of Helen's marriage. I was immediately taken into the service, of Ali Mahomed, and from the simple servant was promoted, I received the name of Ali, and the Grand Visier sent me a costly turban, a pretty cane, a silver encrusted with jewels, and two highly ornamented purses, the one filled with gold pieces, and the other containing my commission as Aga, or Colonel.

"My life now was one of activity, and I grew in favor from year to year, and was constantly promoted. I need not speak of the different battles in which I was engaged, in all of which I certainly distinguished myself, and when released from duty, my time was passed pleasantly and honorably.

"To see Helen, and you once more, was frequently my ardent desire, but it was not possible, and I therefore considered myself by drawing to me other consolations. Her education was resumed in the life of my daughter, and the Bashaw stood before her, rich and valued, doing his every possible upon the speaker until his speech was rendered to him in the Turkish language, and then a strange smile flitted over the face of the Bashaw.

Oliver remarked this and waited for the answer of the proud Musselman, who remained for sometime silent as if doubtful upon what to answer. Oliver spoke at last and desired the interpreter to ask the cause of the messenger, where he was born, how long he had served and in the dragoons. Cagny and Oliver threw themselves into each others arms, and shed tears of joy.

"'Are we then,' said Cagny, 'now that we are grey-headed men, still to be opposed in war so when we had gents for our soldiers—where is our little Master Helen?'

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"'

"O, !" from Mr. Scobs, with a thump on his brow.

"Most generous friends."

Here there was a short pause.

"Your health, sir."

"You have heard the news ?"

"We have—and we are thankful for the same.

"And now that has made no change in you—no—no—no of friendship ?"

"Don't speak of small affairs in this way, dear dear, very dear Mr. Brown," whined Mr. Scobs, pressing his hands; "we have been one day to our neighbor and to ourselves, and we look for the good reward then the consciousness of having done the right."

"Consciousness of having done right!" muttered Mr. Brown, seeming to think the phrase a strange one, but less of the speech equivalent to the utterance of the afternoon, "I see—I see—"

"This is too much," gasped Jones. "Scobs, you are a man ! Mrs. Scobs, I know you are a woman ! No, you are not—it's a lie, ma'am ; I beg your pardon—a mistake—you are an angel! Scobs, let me speak to you alone."

In a moment the room was cleared : the officious Scobs still at his guest's tumbler, and sat in a state of perplexity opposite him.

"Scobs," coughed Mr. Jones. "Scobs, may I be Adam?" coughed Mr. Jones. "Scobs, may I before you when you say, had I come both ? I would should have had as kind a welcome ?"

"Oh !" Mr. Jones Brown, sir, for heaven's sake, do not sour and lowering and plough up and harrow—and dull my heart in this exercise ; you ought to know—a heart that knows you, but cares for no man's riches."

"Worthy man !—exclaimed christian ! enriched friend !"

"Friends," exclaimed Scobs; "say, friend's the word. Damon loved Pythias, and Scobs love Brown."

"Love bond !" grasped Jones; "I am satisfied. I will love with you and your family forever."

"Happiness, rapture, joy !" shouted Scobs. "All we heard ; was, after this change of fortune you would serve us."

"Leave you—never, though I have had a change of fortune."

"The raises be present."

"I have had no change of feeling ! my heart is still the same ones."

"English oak," suggested Scobs.

"It is that's the material. Though I have lost every shilling I had before, I consequence I do myself yet told I dwell forever—blow me, Scobs, are you ill ?"

And well might Mr. Jones Brown ask the question, for at one particular moment of Mr. Jones Brown's communications, Mr. Scobs's face became as perfect a pea green shade as any tinge ever graced at the tip of the nose, or rose ever drew down to it.

"I'd go and ! contented !"

"I'll ring the bell," said Jones.

He did so, and in rushed Mrs. Scobs with a plan cake, followed by the children in their best bibs and tuckers, and all immediately proceeded to clasp round Mr. Brown and hugged, and kissed and added the blessing and sixpence with a degree of Spartan devotion.

"Your husband—he quiet my dear, is exceedingly ill. Look how pale he is."

"Green, sir !" roared Scobs; "green and be d——d you ; do you mean to insult me by telling me the green to my face, you old impostor—I have been green, but I'm not hanged, sir !"

"Scobs," stuttered his better or better half, "are you mad ?"

"I am not, and no blame, ma'am : and enough to make me mad."

"What's the cause ?"

"This, my dear; Mr. Brown has lost his low ?"

If the Emperor of the Colonial Empire were polled by the pigeon of his house of state by the gentleman colour of the black rod (supposing he had such a functionary) he could not exhibit more astonishment than did the female States at the awful announcement.

When she found breath enough to form into words she groaned, "Lost it, sir !"

"Perfectly," responded the bewildered Brown; "but don't let that annoy you. I shall remain here all the same."

"Will you ?" gasped out the better half—not if I know it. Do you think I'll go on working and slaving myself to death for such a lump of unpretentious and common ? No ! indeed ! nothing but the doctor's report that you were not likely to be a long lo her, and your promise of leaving a legacy to each of the children, made us put up with you. So just be off, log and lumpigus as soon as you can."

"Is this your determination ?" said poor Jones, appealing to the still green nose and purple Scobs.

"It is, and this night nowadays, if you have'n't backed out of the house, in less manner by the door, I judge myself to thank you out of its window !"

"My good friend——"

"Friends be d——d !" thundered Mr. Scobs—"What do you mean by hunting that child's head, putting it in that manner ? Adolphus, kick his shins."

"Horrah—how goes," exclaimed the dutiful son, and your old Mr. Jones Brown unbuttoned his wonderful coat.

"Allow me," said he, in an under tone, " to stay till to-morrow."

There's five of the ten shillings, upon the window, Adolphus," was the only answer vouchsafed by Scobs.

"I've done it, papa," said young hopeful : "there one over the spoke."

"Now, sir, be off at once. You need not wait for every luggage—that she'll or stir till I have received my rent quarter, so begin."

As he spoke, he advanced to Mr. Jones Brown, and laid his hand upon his collar. Now, Mr. Jones Brown, though generally a mild man, had in a fair or fighting devil in him, and in a very short space of time, Mr. Scobs was placed flat on his back in an excellent position for examining a naval crack in the ceiling immediately over his head. Had Scobs been narrated and kowed, it would barely have rivalled the astonishment of Scobs which took place when he then—and as if to heighten the scene, the bells struck up a cheerful peal, the sound of whips and wheels were heard at the door, a thundering double knock astounded the whole, and it was a gentleman's name entered to state, that Mr. Jonas Brown's carriage had to the door with his new mansion house.

"Mansion !" exclaimed Scobs; "my house !"

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"Yes, sir, for all at once. You need not wait for every luggage—that she'll or stir till I have received my rent quarter, so begin."

"What is the meaning of this ?" groaned Scobs.

"That I intended to try your honesty. One hour's more than enough, under my supposed reverses to have secured you and that skin hinting fowl, as unfortunately I am, to be, we part forever, and this is the only luxury I shall leave you."

So saying, he wrote something on a leaf he tore from the cheque book, and throwing it down upon the table, left the house.

After a long hour of mental agony, the husband and wife took up the cheque, and found upon it upon it, very legible characters—

"*My dear Mr. Brown, has had his Lesson.*"

The Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL.

The American Minister in England, *Hon. Edward Everett*, was present, on the 14th ult., at the *Annual Banquet* of the Royal Agricultural Society, at Dorin. Of course, as a guest, he was toasted, and of course, as is never done here, he made a happy response, of which the following is a report:

Mr. Everett, in returning his warmest thanks, was received with loud and long-continued cheering. He said—My lord and gentlemen, I assure you, without affectation, that when I consider the kind manner in which you, my lord, have associated my name with the great agricultural improvements of my farthings, and the honor you have done me in connecting me with the name of that distinguished statesman, whose loss we all deplore (the duke of Portland)—(cheers), and, my lord, if there is any circumstance in my career which I ought to bring me together as brethren, is it not at a meeting of those devoted to the great pursuit, the noblest interest of civilized nations ?—(cheers.)

My lord, I am not a farmer. I have not the honor to be a member of the society, of the skill, of the interests that have been expended by that eminent in the deeply struggle of what is called "old land" had been applied to a grumpier emolument to one who should raise the value of an acre of potash. (Laughter.) My lord, I am not, and if this had been the case, I should have done so, as I have done out of the land (cheers) of my race, you would more or very little to do in carrying on many international discussions. You have been pleased to allude to the *important commercial relations* between us, and one suspects it is important, and most earnestly and sincerely do I wish that it might more so. (cheers.) But, my lord, there is a triumph on this occasion which has struck me, since I listened to your lordship's admirable speech last evening, illustrating the inestimable importance of agricultural pursuits.

The enormous advancement that commerce in the largest that it ever made in the two revolutions on the face of the globe. The second commerce between Great Britain and the United States is *transportation* that which you carry on with any other people. The larger internal movement of the commerce both carrying and exports in the United States—just exports from the United States—either of them supply living terms as good or poor commerce with any other nation. And yet what think you it amounts to ? About as much as the value of the annual crop of cats and beans in Great Britain—(cheers) ! Take the fact from the instructive essay of your own the enlightened Mr. Pusey.

Now must I to what is the importance of your agriculture. The whole foreign commerce of Great Britain, in the pursuit of which you overthrow the corn with your fleets, and plant your colonies on the farthest lands, is carried on by not more than the annual gross crop of these fields. (Cheers.) Do you know, my lord, that the whole of the cotton crop of the south could make two hundred grain grow where only one grew before ? (It does not however, my lord —I will not say as a certainty—by you and others the power of the land farmer (laughter), but it does not does not become me to throw into great details on the subject which has been so much better and more ably expounded and discussed by others. But, my lord, I do assure you that these are the facts of the case. In these times to that time

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Remittals must always state the Post-office counted from, or not as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for the various Magazines, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion:—

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMESON, of Hartford, Connecticut, Office, corner of Main and State streets, is our agent for *Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, Arthur's Home Gazette, Sartain's Union Magazine, Saturday Post, and Lady's World.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, of Wilmington, Delaware, *Gentleman's and Lady's Fashion Plate*.

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JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JAS F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers for Godey's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

A Selection of Ecclesiastical Cases, *adopted to the Summary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. By A. U. Hoyter. Boston: Oliver Ditson. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—Beside the classic associations connected with the hymns the revision of the choir for the Communion, now first published in this country; and is accompanied with a pamphlet containing the words of the chants. The compiler, who is organist of the Trinity Church, Boston, prepared this work at the solicitation of Bishop Eastburn, who wished to introduce chants to the attention as possessing "besides their excellence as musical compositions, the important requisite of simplicity and devotional character." The object of the publication is "to introduce and facilitate a more uniform and correct style of chanting." The typography of the music is exceedingly neat; and the reputation of the compiler, and the respect under which it is published, will go far to effect the purpose of the publication.

Pictorial History of the United States. *By John Frost, A. M. Designs by Croome. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.*—The present, Number 15, completes the first volume, and is accompanied by title page and index. Rich in illustrations, elegant in typography, faithful to general history, and content to different epochs and in different countries, this is decidedly the most splendid American illustrated work ever published. In the present number the author has skilfully avoided the tediousness of prolixity on the one hand, and the dryness of mere recitation on the other, and so author, draughtsman, engraver, printer and publisher have all done their duty, we hope to see that the public is doing its duty too, and that the Pictorial History is one of the best received works of the year. It should have a place in every American family library.

Reflections from the Writings of Mrs. Margaret M. Davidson. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—Mrs. Davidson is the buoyant mother of Lucretia Maria and Margaret M. Davidson, the early developments of genius and early death have occupied so large a place in the thoughts of the reading public. Rev. Rodgers's affectionate remarks in her preface to the work "The mother's life has been spent in retirement, but the thoughts of her are now trampled from her seclusion that she once said be associated with them—go forth with them on their mental pilgrimage, and for their advice, it may be, be welcomed to many kindred hearts."

Miss Bremer's Works.—W. H. Graham is ready to furnish copies of all the stories of Miss Bremer, so far as they have been issued from the press. Possessing a most beautiful and rare ephemeral attraction, those works are well worthy preservation, and deserve a place in every household. It is now possible to run from their personal entanglements; and we trust that every one will read carefully the life of American reading public, is an indication of a correct taste which it is pleasant to discover.

American Naval Biography. *By John Frost, A. M. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.*—In the fourth number of this work is issued. It contains portraits of Hull, Allen, and Blakely, and illustrations of the engagement between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and the escape of the Constitution from a British squadron. But the most attractive account of this number is a medallion of Washington on both sides of the Hull medal. The engravings are by Croome & Devereux.

Wrench of Women; and Up and as Doing. *By Charlotte Elizabeth. New York: M. W. Dodd. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—The name of the author of these two little volumes will give them a currency equal to that of the works from the same pen, which have preceded them. Charlotte Elizabeth is one of the most popular writers of the day, and what is better, not only is sorry to lose of her success.

Cruise for American Nobis. *New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., Perkins & Purves, and W. H. Graham.*—This is a melodrama, and a good one, too, upon the plan of Nicholas Nobis. The "Change" is justly rendered, and every body who reads the two together, or many of them must admit that the "Change" is more the clothing standard than the "Nobis."

Animal Chemistry. *By Justus Liebig. Edited by Gregory. Philadelphia: T. S. Stuart & Co.*—Very neatly printed, and an excellent—may indispensable companions to the Agricultural Chemistry, by the same author, already noticed. The accuracy of such works as these among our agricultural men will increase the value of their farms one half.

The Independent is the title of a new daily just commenced in this city. It is edited by one of the chains of Henry Clay in the Presidency; and in local matters will of course be true to the line of natural choice, and its personal preferences may dictate. It is neatly printed by an association of practical men, and promises to be a valuable paper.

☞ Colton has sent us the Review, the Mirror, and other magazines, and several numbers of pamphlets about Mormonism and kindred nonsense. That is to say, it is content to let the great question of truth and error think better of it as referred in Mr. C., who will furnish the documents.

Library of Select Religious Literature. *Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell & Co.*—No. 8 of this series completes Lloreute's History of the Spanish Inquisition, and commences the biography of the Huguenot, D'Aubigne—not the historian.

The Hooten Knell, Chaplet's new novel, shortly to be issued, will be found one of the most interesting tales that has appeared for some back to his old home where he first won his reputation.

Beanie.—The eleventh part of this serial has been received by Zieber & Co., and Perkins & Purves.

The Medical News.—The August number of this work has been issued by Lea & Blanchard.

Byron.—No. 8 of the serial edition of Byron's works has been published by Carey & Hart.

☞ The Gotham (New York) county jail was opened with false keys on Saturday night last, six prisoners escaped. A reward of $100 is offered for them.

IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

We find in the Liverpool *Times* the following summary of facts drawn from a parliamentary report. The notwithstanding of the writer, embraced in the latter paragraphs,—the emphasize that John Bull need at last give other nations an equivalent for what he would receive, in the way of commercial advantages, is worthy consideration under the circumstances. The British reform of reciprocity has hitherto been all on one side; and the change which must take place will mark a new date in the history of commerce.

"It appears from a return just laid before Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Tuckey, that the exports of British goods to the United States of America, in the year 1842, were less in value by the sum of nearly five millions sterling than those they were in any previous year since 1833, and that they were also in the same time considerably less than the average exports of the nine preceding years, the average yearly exports from 1833 to 1841 (both inclusive) being of the value of 7,880,000*l.* while those of 1842 were but of those value than 3,250,000*l.*

"The shrinking decline in the largest branch of the foreign trade of the country, we regret to say, is not confined to a few, or even to several articles, but extends to all, with the single exception of the sold thinned plates, as will be seen from the following statement of the fluctuations which have taken place during the period referred to:

"The value of the apparel and haberdashery exported from England to the United States in 1833 was 127,911*l.*; in 1836, 234,269*l.*; and in 1842, 54,382*l.* The value of the linen exported to the same region of the nine preceding years, the average yearly exports from 1833 to 1841 (both inclusive) being of the value of 7,880,000*l.* while those of 1842 were but of those value than 3,250,000*l.*

"The value of the woollen manufactures exported in 1833, was 158,456*l.*; in 1836, 270,026*l.*; and in 1842, 89,354*l.* The value of the cotton manufactures and cotton yarn in 1833, was 1,732,047*l.*; in 1836, 1,779,436*l.*; and in 1842, 671,813*l.* The value of the earthenware in 1833, was 221,561*l.*; in 1836, 435,512*l.*; and in 1842, 106,872*l.* The value of the hardware and cutlery in 1833, was 711,265*l.*; in 1836, 1,218,612*l.*; and in 1842, 329,646*l.* The value of the iron and steel, wrought and unwrought, in 1833, was 1,035,000*l.*; in 1836, 913,267*l.*; and in 1842, 214,854*l.* The value of the linen manufactures, including yarn, in 1833, was 823,612*l.*; in 1836, 1,046,812*l.*; and in 1842, 455,455*l.*

"The value of the silk manufactures in 1833, was 551,750*l.*; in 1836, 522,040*l.*; and in 1842, 81,243*l.* The value of the tin and tinned plates in 1833, was 215,250*l.*; in 1836, 256,270*l.*; and in 1842, 106,870*l.* The value of the woollen manufactures in 1833, was 2,239,202*l.*; in 1836, 2,139,916*l.*; and in 1842, 333*l.*; and the value of the other British and Irish manufactures in 1833, was 1,026,398*l.*; in 1836, 1,023,398*l.*; and in 1842, 432,404*l.* The total value of the British exports to America in 1833, was 7,578,898*l.*; in 1836, 12,425,665*l.*; and in 1842, 3,528,807*l.*

"The imports from the United States into this country, were a very different result. The import of bark has increased between 1833 and 1842, from 15,459 cwt. to 72,645 cwt.; that of cotton wool from 899 cwts to 7024 cwts.; that of butter from 1,139 cwts to 3189 cwts; that of cheese from 9 cwts to 1,697 cwts.; that of corn wheat from nothing to 16,111 quarters; that of wheaten flour from 35,126 cwts. to 381,066 cwts.; that of beans from 72 cwts. to 1133 cwts.; that of peas from nothing to 2,000 cwts.; that of pork from 1352 cwts. to 12,468 cwts.; that of rice from 1,000 cwts. to 46,000 cwts.; that of tar from 1,000 cwts. to 9,000 cwts.; that of tobacco from 3,000 cwts. to 22,852 cwts.; that of tobacco from 20,748,317 lbs. to 27,000,000 lbs.; that of cotton wool from 337,366,786 lbs. to 414,880,779 lbs.; that of turpentine from 312,466 cwts. to 1,000,000 cwts.; and that of timber from 334,878 lbs. to 501,078 lbs.

"With regard to shipping, the American tonnage (returns) has increased from 239,869 tons to 319,501 tons; and the British tonnage from 1,200,000 to 1,845,000 tons.

"Making every allowance for the more than usual embarrassment of trade in the United States, in 1842, the first part of the country must have to be regarded as being otherwise than most unfavorable to the progress of English commerce, while the second shows that the balance of trade is turning against this country in a manner which it is difficult to account whether we shall not shortly have to pay for American cotton in specie instead of goods.

"Nothing but a vast increase of the demand for English manufactures can save us from this evil; and the present, without a reform in the tariff, could to very little hope of any revival at all equal to the average of the past; but we must continue to look for a return of conservatism in England to identify it with and was to Ireland. But we give below Sir Robert's own speech, from which we have drawn the above conclusions.

The offers of Ireland have been debated in both Houses of the British Parliament. In the House of Lords a series of resolutions that the dismissal of the Irish Magistrates, on account of their conduct at the late elections, was unprovoked, unconstitutional and unjust," were negatived 91 to 29.

In the House of Commons a debate was had which lasted from the 6th to the 14th of July. It was on a motion for a committee to take into consideration the state of Ireland, with a view to the redress of grievances."

&c. Of course every possible topic was drawn into the debate, which was closed by the rejection of the motion by 243 now to 164 yeas. We subjoin the most important speeches.

Sir Robert Peel said he should in the course of his observations endeavour to forget all personal considerations, which, though greatly calculated to excite the zeal and interest of the people, were yet better avoided as a debate so important as that before them. He did not intend to enter into the question as to who had opposed the Relief bill any idea of entering into a history of the events of 1829, and that that the real object was, by carrying his motion, to declare that the Irish Church was not suited to the state of the country. With respect to those on this side of the House who had opposed the measure of the Relief bill, and by implication of the course pursued by the Government in 1829, the hon. Mr. Roebuck, that they would give effect to their words by their votes, as the hon. gentleman had done, and that the Government the most friendly course they could propose.

He denied that Ireland had been treated, in consequence of the union, with a more parsimonious spirit than would have been observed if the had been an independent Parliament, and quoted some returns in order to show that the Irish had received their fair proportion of the public expenditure. He had always considered that the Irish Church was the least of the evils that they would give effect to those

Gems from the Poets.

THE MERRY HEART.

BY HENRY HART MILMAN.

I would not from the wise require
  The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
  A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
  And I have spirits—light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth—
  A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
  I've struggled for dame Fortune's favor;
And sometimes have been half inclined
  To rate her for her ill behavior.
But life was short,—I thought it folly
  To lose its moments in despair;
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
  With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
  Surprised me in a luckless season;
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
  And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
  And love you know, 's a reason fair;
And much improved, as I believe,
  The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now from idle wishes clear,
  I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
  And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
  Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
  The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
  Ye social feelings of the mind;
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
  And let the rest good-humor find.
Yes,—let me hail and welcome give
  To every joy my lot may share;
And pleased and pleasing let me live
  With merry heart, that laughs at care.

Selected Articles.

THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.

BY MISS SKELTON.

[illegible]

FLOWERS.

[illegible]

THE FLOWER-STEALERS:

A Fact.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

[illegible]

LINES.

[illegible]

From the Journals.

THE DAINTY BIT PLAN.

[illegible]

NEPHEW OF PONIATOWSKI.

[illegible]

THE DAWN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

[illegible]

PITCAIRN ISLAND.

[illegible]

THE KNIFE GRINDER.

[illegible]

The Humorist.

[illegible]

Choice Selections.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

[illegible]

INFLUENZA.

[illegible]

PRESIDENT EDWARDS

In the Pulpit.

BY PROFESSOR PARK.

[illegible]

FREEDOM.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

[illegible]

WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

[illegible]

Choice Anecdotes.

[illegible]

The Olio.

[illegible]

DR. D. JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM

[illegible]